PLAYING THE RACES.

PICKING THE WINNERS A FAVORITE AMUSEMENT WITH CONGRESSMEN.

Good Stories of the Race Track—President Harrison Has Saved $100,000 in the White House—Columbus Represented in Marble as a Baseball Pitcher.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, May 3.—Last week our statesmen were enjoying themselves at the baseball games. This week it is the races. In the grand stand, paddock and the betting ring at the Washington race course you may, almost any of these fine days, see a quorum of the house of representatives and a goodly number of senators. It is even charged that the managers of the house contrive to so arrange the proceedings and debates that members sportively inclined may leave the Capitol without risk of their absence being disclosed by the telltale roll call, though as to the truth of this I have some doubts.

Races have always been popular in Washington, and in the good old days the greatest races known anywhere in the country took place within the shadow of the dome of the Capitol. It is a tradition of racing in this country that the greatest sums ever wagered upon the result of one race were wagered here on a trotting contest about forty years ago. Even now, when "plunging" is not considered good form, it is no uncommon thing to see a senator or representative in congress stand to win from $3,000 to $5,000 on one race. The heaviest winning I have heard of this spring was made by a far western senator, who knows as much about horses as he does of the law of the attraction and correlation of forces. He had plenty of money, ample nerve to place it and luck. He won in five days something like $12,000.

Oddly enough, our southern friends are the heaviest losers. It has become a trite saying in Washington that the Kentuckians know more about race horses than any one else and pick fewer winners. As usual, when there are races in town, the Kentucky delegation in congress is calling on the sergeant at arms for an advance on their salaries. Senator Blackburn has lost steadily, "the penalty," says an old horseman, "of having a racer named after him. Ever since a right good horse was named Joe Blackburn the senator has been losing money on the races. It is a hoodoo." Editor Henry Watterson has been in town for some time, and of course he has attended the races. Probably he will have to borrow money to get home with. That prince of good fellows and fine horseman, Colonel Stealy, correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal, knows every racer on the grounds and has an intimate acquaintance with every stable boy and trainer, but he can't find the winners. There was a time when senators, cabinet officers and all sorts of people were eager to play Stealy's tips, but now his selections are avoided as a sort of financial pestilence.

Speaking of Stealy reminds me of a good story concerning the manner in which a couple of bright newspaper correspondents played the races a day or two ago. Louis Garthe, of the Baltimore American, and E. C. Howland, of the New York Press, pooled their cash and their issues. Garthe, who knows a good deal about horses, went to the track with the firm's money, which amounted to something like thirty dollars, while Howland remained in town to write the special dispatches for both papers. On this occasion Garthe had bad luck, and by the time the third race was over the capital of the Garthe-Howland firm had been swallowed up by the bookmakers. At this juncture of affairs O'Brien Moore, of the St. Louis Republic, took a hand in the affair. Having heard of Garthe's copartnership with Howland, and their mutual misfortune, Moore contrived to meet Howland on "the row" and to remark, quite incidentally and innocently, that one of the correspondents had had a big run of luck at the race track. "Who is it?" asked Howland. "Why, a man came in from the track a few minutes ago and said Louis Garthe had won about $400 during the afternoon." Howland was delighted, and set up half a dozen bottles of wine for a number of good fellows who were in the joke. His chagrin when his unfortunate partner appeared may be imagined.

Senator Wolcott, or Ed, as his friends like to call him, has been often at the races, but to the surprise of every one he has not once been in the betting ring. Wolcott has given up playing the races, and now that he has married and settled down he says he will never again be caught in such a scrape as that in which he found himself at Long Branch a few years ago—the famous occasion on which he played the tips of a colored waiter and won $16,000 in one afternoon. This big sum was paid him by the bookmakers in "track money"—fives, tens and twenties which have seen active service and frequent transfers from one sweaty palm to another. The whole made a stack so big that Wolcott wrapped it in and old newspaper and took the bundle on his knees and rode with it and some friends in a cab to his hotel. There he gave a couple of waiters fifty dollars apiece for straightening it out and stacking it up. Still it was an elephant on his hands, and with the remark that he didn't know what to do with the dirty stuff, Wolcott, who was not then the eloquent senator from Colorado, went over to Phil Daly's clubhouse and lost the whole pile at faro. Those were Wolcott's wild oats days, and a thoroughbred he was too. Now he is as steady as a cart horse.

Wolcott is already known as the most gifted orator we have in congress. When he made his brilliant silver speech in the senate a few days ago he was paid a compliment so extraordinary and quaint that I must tell you about it. Old Senator Sawyer, of Wisconsin, is a business man who never makes a speech, and who as a rule has a business man's abhorence of too much talk. When Wolcott began speaking Sawyer was in the cloakroom smoking a cigar. Overhearing a few sentences through the open door, he was induced to move out into the chamber. Taking a seat very near the young orator, he listened as one enraptured to the end, and then, in unconscious disregard of the rules of the senate, he led the galleries and shocked his colleagues by clapping his chubby hands with a good deal of vigor. This performance was considered all the more remarkable by those who knew that while Wolcott had been pleading for free silver, Sawyer is unalterably opposed to it. The Wisconsin senator explained this in his own way when, a moment later, he rushed up to Wolcott and congratulated him on the success of his speech. "I am like an old fellow we used to have up in Wisconsin," he said. "He was a stanch Democrat, but he always used to go to hear Matt Carpenter make Republican campaign speeches. One day he met Carpenter just as the latter had concluded a speech, and the old fellow said to him, 'I don't believe a d——d word you say, but I would walk ten miles any time to hear you talk.'"

Mark Smith, as every one calls him, though Marcus Aurelius is his full name, is very fond of the races. He is the delegate from Arizona, who attracted some attention a short time since by his Arizona funding bill, which brought up the silver question in a peculiar and interesting way. Until recently Smith wore a beard. Now his face is as smooth as a baby's, and many of his most intimate friends don't recognize him. At the race track Marcus Aurelius came face to face with William B. Shaw, who is the oldest newspaper correspondent in Washington, having been here since Van Buren's time, I think it is. Smith and Shaw have known each other for many years, have boarded at the same hotel and swapped stories for many long months. But Shaw gave no sign of recognition when this meeting took place at the race track. He passed Smith as if he had never seen him.

A few minutes later Smith went up to Shaw and said to him, "I beg your pardon, but you are Mr. Shaw, the newspaper correspondent, are you not?" "I am, sir." "Well, I have just come on from Arizona and am trying to find Mark Smith, the delegate from our territory, and I am told he is out here. I don't know him by sight, and as I am told you know him well I would be under great obligations to you if you would point him out to me in the crowd." "Yes, I know Mark Smith very well," replied Shaw, "but I don't think he is out here today. At any rate, I haven't seen him. If he is here at all you go and stand down there by the bar and wait till you see a man come up and say to the barkeeper, 'Here, give me some gentleman's whisky,' and you'll know that's Smith. You won't have to wait more than ten minutes at the outside. If he isn't here you go down to Chamberlin's tonight and you'll find him there getting full. But if you have any business with him, and it is business of importance, I would advise you to go early. After 9 o'clock in the evening Smith isn't often in a condition to attend to anything of a serious nature." This is the story which Smith tells on himself, and to this day he doesn't know whether Shaw recognized him and said these things by way of a joke or whether he was really ignorant of the identity of the man to whom he was talking and gave the supposed stranger this description of the delegate from Arizona in good faith.

President Harrison does not go to the races, though he is almost as fond of horses as General Grant was. As I said in my last letter he is a great admirer of baseball and occasionally attends the games, but I am told he never yet went to a horse race, excepting only the races which take place at the agricultural fairs in Indiana. The president does not believe in encouraging by his attendance a sport which depends so much for its success upon gambling as does the modern sport of horse racing.

While speaking of the president I will give you an interesting bit of gossip which came to me the other day on very good authority. It was that President Harrison has saved out of his salary since he came to the White House, a little more than three years ago, the snug sum of $100,000. He expects to save $30,000 more during the current year, and if he should be so fortunate as to be elected to another term, and to serve it out, his total savings on the eight years will amount to something like a quarter of a million of dollars. This sum well invested will make the president independent in a financial way during the remainder of his life.

The president's housekeeping expenses are not very heavy. He has free house rent, a steward and one or two other servants paid by the government, a stable to keep his horses in and some other advantages which a private citizen or other officials of the government do not enjoy. It is true he has to keep eight or ten servants in the White House, but this is the heaviest of his extraordinary items of expense. His receptions do not cost him anything. The government band furnishes the music and government employees take care of the crowds, who are not given anything to eat or drink. The flowers come from the conservatory of the executive mansion, which is maintained by public appropriation. The only costly social entertainments which the president gives are the state dinners, and they do not cost more than $2,000 or $3,000 a year.

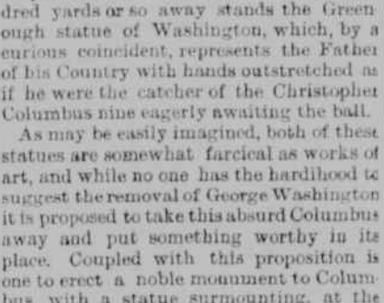
President Harrison spends a good deal of money in travel each year, as he always declines to accept free transportation from the railroads. Whenever he makes a journey he buys a first class ticket for each member of his party, though he does accept the use of sleeping and private cars when tendered by railway managers. It costs the president about $15,000 a year to keep up the White House and clothe his family; leaving $5,000 a year for traveling and extraordinary expenses, charity, etc., he finds it a comparatively easy matter to save three-fifths of his salary, or $30,000 a year. So from the financial standpoint the presidency is an office worth having after all.

Mention of the fondness our statesmen are showing for the great national game of baseball prompts me to record the fact that the only statue of Christopher Columbus we have at the chief capital of the world discovered by that bold navigator is one which stands at the main entrance to the Capitol, and which represents him as looking more like a baseball pitcher than anything else. He stands on one foot with his body leaning forward, and in his outstretched hand is a marble globe intended to represent the sphere on which we live, but which a very small flight of imagination transforms into a baseball which Columbus' attitude indicates he is about to pitch to an imaginary batter. A hundred yards or so away stands the Greenough statue of Washington, which, by a curious coincident, represents the Father of his Country with hands outstretched as if he were the catcher of the Christopher Columbus nine eagerly awaiting the ball.

As may be easily imagined, both of these statues are somewhat farcical as works of art, and while no one has the hardihood to suggest the removal of George Washington it is proposed to take this absurd Columbus away and put something worthy in its place. Coupled with this proposition is one to erect a noble monument to Columbus, with a statue surmounting, at the foot of the walk leading to the terrace on the west front of the Capitol. It is here that the so called Peace monument now stands, a conglomerate collection of weeping women, so sad in its treatment as to suggest its removal to a cemetery. Evidence that this is Columbus' year may be found in the fact that a number of suggestions for new statues and monuments in his honor have been made in congress this winter, and in the additional fact that for the first time since it was put up the base ball statue to the great discoverer is now being carefully washed and made to shine forth in all its original marble whiteness.

ROBERT GRAVES.

An Old Story.



"I thought you knowed her, Billy?"

"So I did wonst, but money stepped in atween us an she growed proud an 'aughty!"—Life.

A balance of three cents claimed by the New York customs collectors and disputed by an importer, was collected under threat of placing the claim in the district attorney's hands. The importer paid it by means of a certified check for the amount.

GEN. HAYES AT HOME.

THE EX-PRESIDENT'S PLACID LIFE AT SPIEGEL GROVE.

A Beautiful Rural Residence Where Miss Fanny Hayes Presides—The Ex-President Divides His Time Between His Books and His Friends.

[Special Correspondence.]

FREMONT, O., May 2.—Ex-President Hayes, more than any president of recent years, has been able to lay aside the excitement and the tension of that high office and take the role of the unostentatious private citizen with no disturbance of the

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

equilibrium of his mind and with a real relish for dignified retirement and rest after a long series of years of busy and eventful life. No small factor in his contentment with a life so quiet and uneventful, when contrasted with the life of the chief executive in the White House, is his beautiful and well appointed home in Fremont.

Fremont is a thrifty little town on the Sandusky river in Ohio, not far from Lake Erie. It is easily reached from either Cleveland or Toledo, and is less than an hour's run by railroad east of the latter place. Alighting at a little railroad station, not different from the stations at other country towns, with its platform, a bay window for the telegraph operator to sit in and bare waiting rooms with benches around the wall, one can make his way through the little town and soon reach the outskirts and Spiegel Grove, which is the home of the ex-president. The premises are parklike, the house being set in the midst of a grove of noble and lofty old forest trees—elms, oaks, maple, beech, hickory, etc. The drive is up a winding carriageway from the gate to the great veranda which extends along the whole front of the old mansion.

This was the home of the ex-president's uncle, Mr. Birchard—a man of large property, who left his fortune and his home to his nephew. It has been his home for many years, and his family have grown up in it, and none of them is ever long away from it. It is a bountifully and cordially hospitable roof that shelters the visitor within its walls, and the occasions are rare when the family party at the dinner table is not augmented by several guests. It is a place for reunions of a large family connection at such seasons of family gatherings as Thanksgiving and the Christmas holidays. Here numerous nephews and nieces and cousins and family friends and children of them all love to come and look back upon their experience for months afterward as one of warm welcome and good will. It is an atmosphere almost southern in its unstinted welcome and invitation to all who come.

There never has been such a gathering at Spiegel Grove and probably never will be, not even when the ex-president lies in his last sleep, as that which gathered to pay the last tribute of love and respect to Lucy Webb Hayes in 1889. On the morn-

SPIEGEL GROVE.

ing of the day set for the funeral the dusty country roads for miles around Fremont were filled with long lines of vehicles of every description—carriages, phaetons, buggies, spring wagons, and clumsy and jarring farm wagons, all filled with old and young who had known and loved Mrs. Hayes for many years as neighbor and friend. They passed through the wide hall from front to back of the house for hours in an unending stream to cast a glance on the strong and placid face of the noble woman lying there. Subdued and sad they all were—mothers with babies in their arms, withered old farmers and their careworn wives, strapping young fellows, ruddy and strong with country living—many weeping quietly. The mother was borne to her grave in the family burying ground near by by her four sons.

A great part of the life of Rutherford B. Hayes was lopped off when his wife died. Yet he accepted the blow with Christian resignation and manly fortitude, as he does all other things in life, and goes on with good works.

The visitor, as he comes upon the veranda, will find a couple of gaunt greyhounds lying there, who are too well accustomed to seeing strangers to offer one any molestation. If General Hayes is within he is likely to be found in his library—a large room in the rear of the great room to the right of the hallway, which is a kind of drawing room, reception room and living room. The library is lined with bookshelves filled with books from floor to ceiling, with a large writing desk in one corner, a great open fireplace and all manner of comfortable chairs. A large part of the books on the shelves are devoted to American history, western history, of which the owner is a widely read student, occupying no small space. Here are state histories, county histories, biographies, stories of the pioneers, collections of speeches of American statesmen—a rich field for the student of the surrounding life.

Probably nearly all the history that has been written on the civil war, both the civil and military record and histories of battles and of regiments, could be found on these shelves. In this room General Hayes does much work. He has a large and varied correspondence which is kept up with great system and promptitude. Many an appeal for information and assistance, especially from veterans of the war, he receives, and there will be found few whose appeals have been unanswered. He is actively interested, besides, in many philanthropic and educational enterprises, which require much time and attention, which he conscientiously gives them.

The man who sits down for an hour in that library will hear talk full of wide and varied information, and a thoughtful wisdom ripened by an eventful and honorable experience. The ex-president maintains a keen interest in affairs and loves to discuss them, as an observer, with his friends. But he is scrupulously averse to any involvement in politics—a rule he has made no exception of in any case since he left the presidential office.

A walk about the place with the host is one of the treats for a visitor to Spiegel Grove. There are sunny slopes and glades and shady dells in the grove. Not far from the house a tennis court is laid out, where young people who are so inclined may enjoy outdoor exercise. Every tree in the grove is an individual friend to the owner. He can name the date when this one was riven by lightning and when that one was denuded of a favorite bough by a storm of sleet and freezing rain, followed by high wind which brought down the overloaded branch. In the great barnyard are the family horses and some very fine chickens and ducks. Here was the happy home into his green old age of "Old Whitey," the horse that carried General Hayes during the war and now several years deceased. There is much to interest and entertain on every side.

The head of his household is Miss Fanny Hayes, his only daughter. The two younger sons are also at home—Rutherford and Scott. The oldest son, Birchard, is practicing law in Toledo. The second son, Webb, is engaged in manufacturing in Cleveland.

Once a year occurs the reunion of General Hayes' old regiment, the Twenty-third O. V. I., at the neighboring town of Lakeside, on Lake Erie. The general never fails in his attendance upon these reunions, and his relations toward the survivors is almost fatherly in its nature. Any member of the regiment whose memory may become dim in a point regarding some comrade, is pretty sure to be able to get it freshened by appealing to General Hayes for his recollection. It is this intimate sympathy that endears him to the hearts of the Grand Army men and to his fellow officers of the Loyal Legion. The families of com-

BIRCHARD LIBRARY.

rades and brother officers of Rutherford B. Hayes have something more from him than letters of condolence when the father is stricken with death. He is often a visitor at the bedsides in sickness, and a present mourner with the family and a comforter when death comes.

It will be remembered that ex-President Hayes has been an intelligent and systematic worker for the education of the southern freedmen and for prison reform. He is a trustee of the Ohio state university and is an earnest and effective laborer for the prosperity of that institution. He has given special attention and work to the subject of industrial education, in which he is a great believer, and of which he is an earnest advocate. In these and other fields of practical usefulness he employs what might be the idle leisure of his retirement.

The Birchard library, pictured in the cut, was presented to the town of Fremont by ex-President Hayes. It contains a large collection of books and a museum of historical records.

S. F. FAIR.

INLAND SHIPBUILDING.

A Stanch Government Vessel Recently Built at Cleveland.

[Special Correspondence.]

CLEVELAND, May 2.—At the shipyards of the Globe Iron Works company was recently launched the second vessel built for the United States on the great lakes since the war, the lighthouse tender Lilac. The first government vessel was the lighthouse construction boat Amaranth, launched at the Cleveland shipbuilding company's yards a few weeks before. A third, the lighthouse tender Columbine, is soon to leave the stocks at the Globe yards. The Lilac and Columbine are duplicates, and together give high government sanction to the claim of lake shipbuilders that they can compete on equal terms with the seaboard yards, for both vessels are intended for ocean service. The Lilac will be put on the Portland (Me.) district and the Columbine on the Portland (Or.) one.

The picture of the Lilac here given resembles the Columbine as well. Both are of Siemens-Martin mild steel, and as fine in appearance as the costly steam yachts recently built at the Cleveland yards.

THE LILAC.

They will be 155 feet in length over all, 26 feet 6 inches beam and 15 feet depth of hold. They are built with extra precautions against disaster, and with double bottom, water tight bulkheads and the strongest construction will be as nearly indestructible as modern science can make steamboats. Both will be rigged as two masted schooners, with pole topmasts, gaffs and derrick booms, and will be fully equipped with steam steering gear, steam windlass, electric search light and all modern improvements.

The engines are of the four and aft compound pattern with two boilers 10 feet 8 inches in diameter by 10 feet 9 inches long. They are guaranteed to develop 600 indicated horse power when making 110 revolutions a minute, with a coal consumption of 2½ pounds per horse power. The lighthouse board are highly pleased with the Lilac and pronounce her a perfect beauty. They have no doubt that she will meet the strictest requirements of the government. Both contracts were obtained in open competition with seaboard yards.

SAMUEL G. MCCLURE.

Telling the Bees.

Whittier's ballad, "Telling the Bees," was suggested by a remarkable custom brought from the old country and formerly prevailing in the rural districts of New England. On the death of a member of the family the bees were at once informed of the fact, and their hives dressed in mourning. This ceremonial was supposed to be necessary to prevent the swarms from leaving their hives and seeking a new home.

All is over! Come away;
Buried is my grief today;
Seal it both deep and low
With a name upon its breast.
Hush! in quiet let it rest.

Open is it to the sky;
But the grief so still doth lie
In its coffined, peaceful sleep,
Ne'er again to throb with pain.
Listen, on it falls the rain.

Shielded well by sorrow's pall,
What though other griefs may fall,
Shall I—can I, fear them more
Than that coffined grief can fear
Clouds which fall upon its bier?

—Yankee Blade.

A DRESS REHEARSAL.

PRELIMINARY DEDICATION OF THE WORLD'S FAIR IN OCTOBER.

Grand Pageants on Land and Lake to Be Reviewed by the President—Three Days' Festivities, for Which $200,000 Has Been Appropriated.

[Special Correspondence.]

CHICAGO, May 2.—We are going to have great times here in Chicago next October. Comparatively few people, even in this city, are aware of the fact, and hence it is not perhaps to be wondered at that this correspondence will practically be the first intimation to the people outside of the Windy City that the buildings of the World's fair are to be dedicated with ceremonies on a scale of grandeur and impressiveness which would do honor to the coronation of a king or a queen.

At least three-quarters of a million of people from outside of Chicago, and pretty well the entire population of the city itself, ought to face President Harrison when he rises in his place upon the platform and declares the structures dedicated to the uses for which they have been designed and constructed. At any rate, this is what Secretary Culp thinks, and as the festivities are to cover a period of three days and three nights, and as, moreover, something in the neighborhood of $200,000 are to be spent upon them, there seems to be no reason why the three-quarters of a million should not come and go away contented and satisfied. Certain it is that it will not be the fault of Chicago if they do not.

Appropriately enough—for will not the exposition be, to a very large degree, a great dress parade of the handiwork of men and women citizens the world over—the ceremonies will commence with a civic procession. This will take place on Tuesday, Oct. 11. The details of this event are now being arranged, and it is pretty certain that it will be representative of about every known trade and profession. It will be reviewed by President Harrison, and the patience of the chief executive is likely to be taxed, for very many hours will needs be occupied in passing the reviewing stand.

In the evening there will be a dress rehearsal of what is confidently expected will be one of the greatest attractions of the fair, "The Procession of the Centuries," a water pageant illustrating the early condition of this country, important events in the life of Columbus, salient facts in American history and subjects illustrative of mechanical invention and the development of the industries of this country. The floats, which have been designed by W. L. Wells and will be built by Fawcett Robinson, to whose genius in this direction many of London's lord mayor shows have been indebted for their most striking features, will number twenty-four, each manned by men and women in appropriate costumes. Here are the subjects:

1. The Aboriginal Age; representing American Indians. 2. The Stone Age; representing the Cliff Dwellers and the Toltecs. 3. The Bronze Age; representing the Aztecs, their religious rites, etc. 4. Columbus before the court of Ferdinand and Isabella. 5. Departure of Columbus from Palos. 6. Discovery of America. 7. Columbus before the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, presenting natives and the strange products of the new country. 8. English cavaliers and the settlement of Jamestown. 9. Hendrick Hudson; discovery of the Hudson river; Dutch settlement at New Amsterdam. 10. Landing of the Pilgrims and illustrations of Puritan life. 11. Ferdinand de Soto; discovery of the Mississippi. 12. Pierre Marquette, Chevalier La Salle and the northwest. 13. Washington and his contemporaries. 14. Signing of the Declaration of Independence. 15. Union of the colonies; the thirteen original states; the sisterhood of the great republic; welcoming the territories to the constellation of states. 16. "Westward the Course of Empire Takes Its Way!" 17. The genius of invention; application of steam, etc. 18. Electricity and electrical appliances. 19. War; representing valor, sacrifice, power, death, devastation. 20. Peace; representing tranquillity, security, prosperity, happiness. 21. Agriculture. 22. Mining. 23. Science, art and literature. 24. Universal freedom of man, equal rights; law and justice; liberty enlightening the world.

The booming of cannon and the steady tramp, tramp of military will usher in the morn of dedication day. Contingents to the number of 10,000 will be here from the national guards of every state, and they will fraternize with some 5,000 members of the regular army under the command of General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A. Soon after the sun has made his appearance in the heavens the procession will be on the move and President Harrison will act as reviewing officer.

Upon the grand stand, to the right and left of the president of the United States and his constitutional advisers, will be ranged the justices of the United States and state supreme courts, the governors of the states and territories, the representatives at Washington of foreign countries, numerous delegations from abroad, the members of the national and local commissions and distinguished people from every walk of life to a total of at least 25,000 souls. Below, covering every foot of space and filling every nook and corner, will be a vast concourse of humanity. The musical features will be rendered by a children's chorus of 1,000 voices, which has been in training for nearly a year.

Bishop Charles H. Fowler, the eminent Methodist divine, will come all the way from California to deliver the opening prayer. President Harrison will pronounce the formal dedication, and as his voice dies away the tens of thousands of voices will join in the hallelujah chorus from Handel's "Messiah." Congressman W. C. P. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, has been chosen to deliver the dedicatory oration, and Miss Harriet Monroe is now engaged upon the dedicatory ode. It will alone be worth coming a long distance to hear this vast assembly join in singing the "Star Spangled Banner."

Of course the ladies are to be heard from, and on the third day, Oct. 13, they will have their inning. The programme contemplates the dedication of the Women's building with elaborate ceremonies, to be participated in by women from every state in the Union and from many foreign countries. In the evening the novel and extraordinary water pageant will be repeated. Magnificent displays of fireworks are also on the programme, and these will cost not less than $10,000 a night. Secretary Culp views the event of October as a kind of full dress rehearsal preliminary to the grandeurs of the opening in May, 1893. The estimated cost of dedicating, opening and closing the fair, including special state days during the six months of the exposition, in the matter of ceremonies alone, is not less than $622,000, and every dollar of it will be a good investment.

HENRY M. HUNT.

IN MADAGASCAR.

The Land Where the Queen Takes an Annual Bath.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, May 3.—One of the youngest of scientific explorers, Mr. Frederick Taylor, has just returned to New York from an extended journey through the island of Madagascar, and he is now engaged in writing a book giving some account of his experiences in that remarkable island. Books of scientific exploration have in the past ten or twelve years become very popular, where the author has something new to describe and is able to tell his story in a manner which pleases as well as instructs. The sale of Stanley's book was enormous and the royalties alone would have made him comparatively independent. Mrs. French-Sheldon, who last year made an excursion into eastern Africa at the head of an expedition which she organized, is now writing a book descriptive of that somewhat sensational journey. She has nearly completed the manuscript and has come to New York to put the finishing touches upon it, and two or three publishers have made her handsome offers for the right of publication.

Mr. Taylor, however, is an unknown traveler and explorer, so far as Americans are concerned, although his work has been so highly appreciated by the Royal Geographical society that he has been elected a life member of it, and will in June read a paper before it in which his Madagascar experiences will be described. Mr. Taylor was born in New York city. His family has possessed wealth and high social standing, and a career in any of the professions or in finance was open to him. However, even from childhood he showed the strongest inclination to travel, and before he had reached man's estate he had made several exciting trips. After he was of age Mr. Taylor traveled extensively in Africa, visited Australia, and then conceived the idea of making thorough explorations of unfrequented quarters of the globe. Having wealth, energy and good health, he was well fortified for such endeavors.

A year ago he determined to explore the island of Madagascar from one end to the other, and in the early summer of last year he started from Tamatave with a company consisting of some thirty porters. Four of these were employed to carry him. They were muscular negroes and they literally carried him upon their backs, for there are no roads upon the island, the jealousy of the native tribes against threatened French usurpation having caused the edict to go forth that no road should be constructed. Mr. Taylor was carried in a contrivance something like a sedan chair. The rest of the porters carried the provisions. Thus over narrow footpaths, frequently following the most trifling trails through the forests and over the mountains, Mr. Taylor went from the east to the west coast of Madagascar, and also covered much of the territory of the island from north to south.

He says that he had no startling adventures, saw no wild beasts, for there are practically none on the island excepting one resembling the American mountain lion, had no encounters with huge snakes or poisonous reptiles, and was only twice in danger of his life—once when he was taken down with the coast fever and was brought almost to death's door, and once when he was attacked by the savage tribes which live upon the west coast of Madagascar. He had a battle with some of these warriors, in which two of his company were killed and several wounded, while the warriors, after losing a number, were dispersed.

Mr. Taylor, however, was not seeking adventure. He desired to learn something of the geography, the flora and fauna of the island, and above all to study the people. With the exception of the savages upon the west coast, he was everywhere treated with civility and in many places with cordiality. The queen was especially courteous to him, and he found her reigning in a capital of something like 100,000 people, living in a handsome palace and guarded by a considerable army drilled by Europeans well armed, but rather amusing so far as uniform was concerned. The queen invited him to be present at the sacred feast of her annual bath, and in other ways especially honored him.

Mr. Taylor in his book is likely to dispel some ideas that have prevailed regarding Madagascar. He will show that it is not an island of very fertile soil, and that aside from rice and some fruits it would be worthless, perhaps, for European colonists. Investigation revealed to him that the island is enormously rich in gold. He picked up several nuggets of gold which he found in the gold region, and he studied that district for a week or more with a view to determine something of its wealth. It seemed to him that the gold mines there promised greater riches than do those of Australia, but he says that it will be many years before this wealth gets to any mint.

The reigning tribe is so fearful of white and especially French domination, that it has put a practical embargo upon the working of the mines. It has granted two concessions, but has required as royalty 55 per cent. of the gross output, which is practically prohibitive. Moreover, as there are no roads upon the island, and as the gold district is practically inaccessible without roads, it would require a large army with a great corps of sappers, miners and roadbuilders to overcome the army and subdue the territory. Mr. Taylor says that if the French should attempt to subjugate the island by force it would be impossible for the army to reach the capital without a loss of from 30,000 to 40,000 men. For that reason the gold mines of Madagascar are likely to remain undeveloped for many years.

Mr. Taylor found evidences of enormous deposits of iron and copper, but there is no coal on the island, and in order to develop such mines charcoal would have to be burned.

The flora of Madagascar is very beautiful, and some of the orchids which Mr. Taylor found exceed, he said, in beauty anything discovered in Borneo. Some of them were of enormous size, of the most beautiful tints and variations of form. There was also a species of tulip which, though of prodigious size, was perfect in form and in appearance, seemed as though it had been made of the most delicate wax.

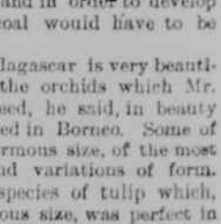
Mr. Taylor says that the reigning tribe there is, in his opinion, not of negro, but of Malay descent. Some of the traditions and superstitions are of distinctively Malay origin, and the features and color of the skin are also suggestive of Malay ancestry. The people are lazy and not overnice.

Mr. Taylor will not write a lengthy book. He will tell the story of his experiences in Madagascar in a brief volume of some 300 pages. As soon as the manuscript is finished Mr. Taylor will sail for London to read his paper before the Royal Geographical society, and then will organize another expedition to make special investigation of subjects which he deemed of peculiar scientific interest, and which were suggested to him by his experience on his first trip through Madagascar.

E. J. EDWARDS.

He Helped John McCullough to Success.

Captain William M. Conner, who died recently in St. Louis, was largely responsible for the success of John McCullough, the famous actor. McCullough's first year as a star was a failure. Then Captain Conner became his manager. The second year netted a profit of $80,000. After that Captain Conner managed Lawrence Barrett and had almost as much to do with his success as he had with McCullough's. Before Conner became a theatrical manager he was known all over the United States as one of the fairest racing men that ever lived. At various times he owned many famous horses. He was sixty years old at the time of his death.



CAPT. WM. M. CONNER.